

JULY
AUGUST

★ FEATURING
DICK COLE ★ EDISON BELL

BLUE BOLT

BLUE
BOLT





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLUE BOLT FLASHES

Dear Readers:

This page used to be called "Ye Editors' Page"; now it is "BLUE BOLT FLASHES." Flashes from readers—flashes of wit and wisdom, flashes of suggestion and helpful criticism. And flashes of news and comment from the Editors, too.

Send in a flash. We'll send \$1.00 in War Stamps for every letter printed.

There isn't space for all the letters that come in, but we'll tell you briefly the gist of some of the letters that were runners-up to those printed below.

Betty Lou Elliott of Sitka, Alaska, although sick abed with rheumatic fever, wrote us on a fancy Alaska letterhead that she thinks **Dick Cole** is the very best comic strip we have. **Mike Sweeney** of Port Richmond, Staten Island, thinks **Dick Cole** ought to graduate from Farr

and get in the army. Fellows like **Cole** are needed at the battle front, he says.

Pat Maher, Chicago, says that our heroes get out of their difficulties too easily, solving problems just 1-2-3. Wonder if he's right.

A Brooklyn boy, **George Corchia**, says he sells comic books that he doesn't need — also he sells waste paper—and buys War Stamps. Good idea. From Lima, Ohio, **Harry Paufl** writes that he thinks **BLUE BOLT** is superb (which pleases us) and that he forwards his copies to his brother who is a Marine (which pleases the brother and his buddies).

What do you think? Send a flash to "BLUE BOLT FLASHES," 111 West 19th Street, New York 11, New York.

Sincerely yours,
THE EDITORS

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the March issue of **BLUE BOLT** and I think it's tops. I am studying drawing and here's what I think should be done.

1. The comic strip, **Old Cap Hawkins'** Tales would be much more interesting with another type of drawing added.

2. Sergeant Spook would be also better if you had more light backgrounds.

The best drawing is that of **Krisko** and **Jasper** first, and the drawing of **Dick Cole** second.

Always a reader,
Nick Nappi
Brooklyn, New York

Thanks a lot for your thoughtful comments, **Nick**.

Dear Editors:

As for **Krisko** and **Jasper** I liked them better when they were cowboys. I wish that you would have something about sports in your book, for example: You could have football in winter and baseball in summer. It would work out best as a cartoon. I have been reading **BLUE BOLT** for two years and I think some changes should be made. I liked **I Fly For Vengeance** very much and wish it would stay in **BLUE BOLT**.

I now have \$20.30 in War Bonds and Stamps.

A faithful reader,
Wayne Kennedy
Baltimore, Maryland

With the war going on, it seems that we just can't get **Krisko** and **Jasper** interested in going back to the ranch right now. Wait until after X-day and Y-day.

Dear Editors:

I've read your magazine for so long that after all the fun and entertainment I received from it, I decided I should write in and thank you for **BLUE BOLT COMICS**.

The stories are all interesting and once I get in the middle of one I can't put the book down 'til I've read every story. Don't think that's all. I even read them over again and again. They're all my favorites, especially **Dick Cole** and **Edison Bell**.

I'm thirteen years old and a freshman in high school. I buy Stamps regularly so that I can do my part in this war. All I can say is thank you for **BLUE BOLT** and three cheers!

Yours truly,
Caroline Mazzaferri
Revloc, Pa.

Most everyone seems to enjoy **BLUE BOLT**, **Caroline**, and we do feel good to hear from readers who like it so much.

Dear Editors:

I have just read the March issue of **BLUE BOLT** and noticed **Ye Editors' Page**. This privilege of telling the editors what you think of the magazine is rare. It seems that all the letters agree with the magazine. Every story printed in **BLUE BOLT** is fine except one and that is **Edison Bell**. It is very seldom, if at all, that American youth ever meets up with the adventures of catching Nazi spies and saboteurs. In most cities you would have to be at least 18 to get jobs like **Eddie** and **Jerry** do and it doesn't look like they are that old. Aside from this one comment the magazine is very fine.

In my class at school I am cashier to take in the money for War Stamps and Bonds once a week. Since the beginning of the last semester we have had 100 per cent buying stamps every week. Our class alone has purchased a jeep and now has \$200 paid on an airplane which our school is trying to buy.

Yours truly,
Ronald Boehl
Portland, Oregon

You're right, **Ronald**, **Eddie Bell** does get in more adventures than the average fellow would ever meet, and he seems to be extraordinarily bright for his age. Is that bad? We invite other readers to comment on whether **Eddie Bell** is "overdone."

Dear Editors:

BLUE BOLT COMICS is the best comic yet. When I read **Ye Editors' Page** most people have criticisms. Well, I see no need for a complaint. Who could ask for better stories than **Dick Cole**, **Blue Bolt** and others?

In my opinion you have the finest staff of writers of any of the comic magazines.

I help the war effort by buying War Stamps through the school.

Always yours,
Donald Allen
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Your very complimentary letter pleases us, **Donald**. But we LIKE to get criticism, especially as criticism helps us improve the magazine for you and other readers.

Address Your Mail to **BLUE BOLT COMICS**, 111 West 19th Street, New York 11, New York

DICK COLE

WONDER BOY

JIM WILCOX '44

WITH SUMMER VACATION AT HAND, **DICK COLE'S** FOSTER FATHER, **PROF. HIRAM BLAIR**, HAS WRITTEN HIM SUGGESTING HE WORK ON A FARM TO HELP IN THE WAR EFFORT. DICK WAS VERY ENTHUSIASTIC, SO **PROF. BLAIR** MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH AN OLD FRIEND, **HENRY SARK**, AND WE FIND DICK HEADING WEST TO THE **SARK FARM**...

"HENRY SARK IS AN OLD FRIEND, SOMEWHAT IN MY DEBT. HE IS A HARD TASKMASTER AND SKEPTICAL OF CITY FOLK, BUT I'M SURE YOU WILL FIND HIS FARM INTERESTING. AFFECTIONATELY, **HIRAM BLAIR**."

AND AT THE SARK FARM:

HERE'S ANOTHER NOTE FROM **HI BLAIR**. IT SAYS THAT **DICK COLE** WILL GET HERE WEDNESDAY. HR-UMPH! IF I DIDN'T OWE HI ONE, I WOULDN'T HAVE HIM HERE.

WON'T IT BE EXCITING TO HAVE A CADET FROM **FARR MILITARY ACADEMY** HERE THIS SUMMER? HELL HELP YOU, **JAKE**!

OH, SURE! HE'LL BE A BIG HELP. THEM GUYS IS LOLLI POPS... SOFT!

LATER JAKE MEETS HIS CRONY, **ZEB**.

ZEB, WE GOT A CITY FELLER COMIN' TOMORROW TO WORK FOR US.

HA! LOOK OUT HE DON'T BEAT YER TIME WITH **NANCY**.

Editor and General Manager—**ROBERT D. WHEELER**

Associate Editor—**JANE SPAULDING NYE**

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LOOK- I GOT MY COUSIN, HEN SARK, SOLD ON THE IDEA OF MY MARRYIN' NAN AND TAKIN' OVER THE FARM. NO ONE BEATS MY TIME!



YEAH, YOU'RE SETTIN' O-KAY. BE A SHAME TO HAVE SOMEONE GUM UP THE WORKS.

ZEB, I GET AND KEEP WHAT I WANT! THIS COLE BETTER MIND HIS KNITTIN'!



WEDNESDAY DICK ARRIVES

HELLO! YOU-ARE DICK COLE! MY! YOUR UNIFORM IS ATTRACTIVE! I'M NANCY SARK.

I-UH-ER-I- THANKS. I DIDN'T KNOW MR. SARK-UH HAD A CHARMING DAUGHTER.



WELL, HE HAS A DAUGHTER AND HE ALSO HAS A COUSIN, JAKE JENKINS, AND AN ORPHAN, PATSY, LIVING WITH HIM. MOTHER IS- DEAD... BUT C'MON. HOP IN THE CAR. WE'VE A TEN MILE DRIVE.



HERE WE ARE, DAD. THIS IS DICK COLE

HOWDY, COLE. YE-AH, HI BLAIR SAID YOU WAS HUSKY.. NAN, BETTER GET SUPPER ON.

HOW ARE YOU, MR. SARK?



WE WORK HARD HERE, COLE. UH- THIS IS MY COUSIN, JAKE JENKINS, AND THIS IS PATSY.

HELLO, MR. JENKINS, -PATSY.

NOT TOO BAD - SA-AY, THE COWS OUGHTER GO FER THEM GREEN DUDS TO YOURN.

WELL, LET'S GO EAT.



TWO WEEKS PASS AND DICK PROVES TO BE A REAL HELP. NAN HAS BECOME VERY FOND OF HIM WHICH JAKE HAS NOTICED, AND JEALOUSLY BLAMES DICK.

THAT GUY GETS TOLD OFF TO-NIGHT!

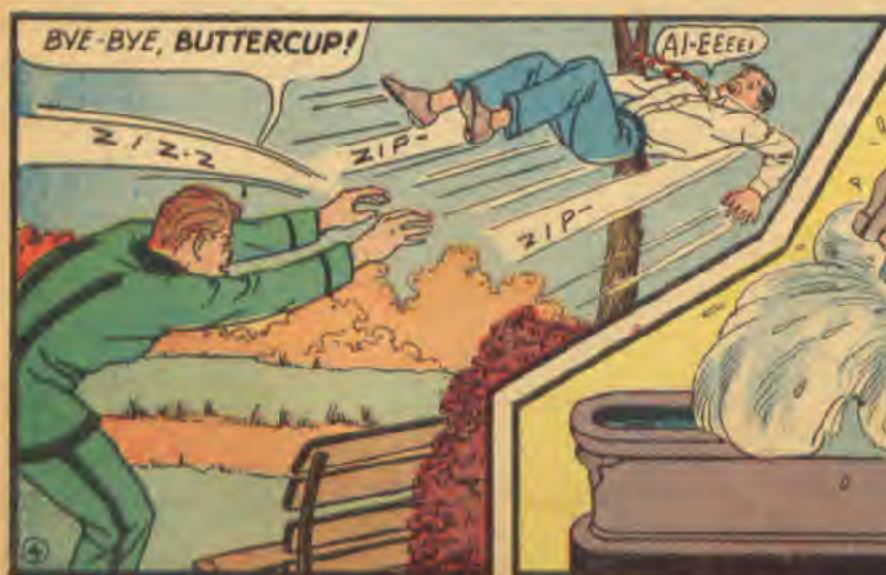


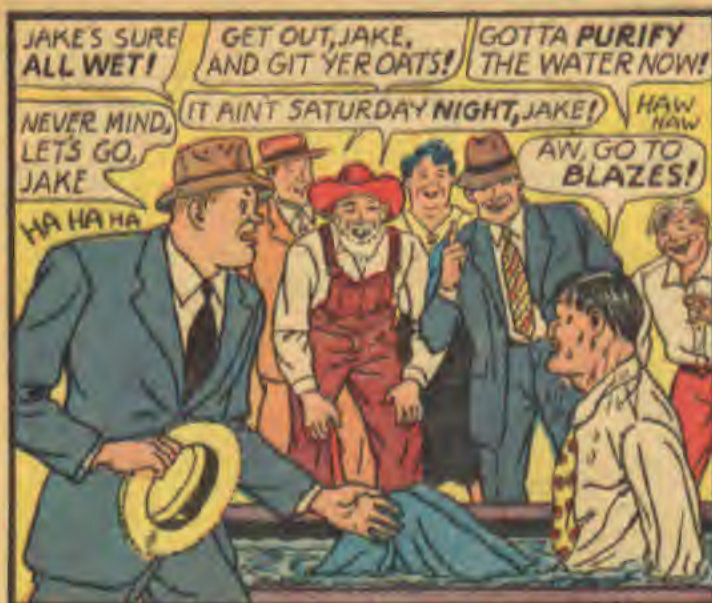
COLE, YOU LAY OFF NAN - OR ELSE!

WHA-I- I DON'T GET YOU, JAKE!









JAKE'S SURE
ALL WET!

GET OUT, JAKE,
AND GIT YER OATS!

GOTTA PURIFY
THE WATER NOW!

NEVER MIND,
LET'S GO,
JAKE

IT AINT SATURDAY NIGHT, JAKE!

HA HA HA

AW, GO TO
BLAZES!

HAW
HAW



COLL MADE A
MONKEY OUT OF
ME, BUT I'LL
FIX HIM!

I'M WITH YOU, JAKE
IF YOU NEED HELP.
I DON'T LIKE HIM!



THE NEXT DAY

ARE YOU AND THE
BROWNS HELPIN'
ME GET THEM
ROCKS OUT TO-
MORROW?

SURE! SA-AY, GOT
AN IDEA! YOU PLANT
THAT PHONY ROCK,
USED IN THE GRANGE
SHOW- HAVE A ROCK
HEAVIN' CONTEST. I'LL
HEAVE THE PHONY, AND-



YOU HEAVE THE PHONY
A MILE AND SHOW COLE
UP! I'LL GET THE 'ROCK',
AND YOU HAVE NAN
REFEREE! BOY! YOU
CAN'T MISS!



NEXT MORNING
ON ZEB'S FARM-

BOYS, WE'RE HAVIN'
A ROCK HEAVIN'
CONTEST AFORE WE
START WORK. NAN IS
REFEREE... BEN, YOU
THROW FIRST.



ALL BUT DICK AND JAKE
THROW. IT IS JAKE'S TURN.

ONE SIDE! HERE'S A SUPER
RECORD!



WHO-E-E-E! 10 FEET
BEYOND THE LINE!



HOW
D'YA
LIKE-HEY!!
YOU AIN'T TRY-
IN' TO HEAVE
THAT ARE YOU?

YEP! I'M
GIVIN' IT
A RIDE-

DICK HEAVES THE ROCK-



IT LANDS SQUARELY
ON JAKE'S FALSE
BOULDER.



FELLOWS! COME HERE! SOMETHING'S PHONY!



SA-AY! THAT WAS
THE IMITATION
ROCK THAT WAS
USED IN THE
GRANGE PLAY!

THE DIRTY CHEAT!
LET'S MUSS HIM UP!
BOY! WHAT A THROW
COLE MADE!

NO WONDER
HE THREW SO
FAR!



AW, IT'S A PUT UP
JOB! I THOUGHT
THAT ROCK WAS
KINDA LIGHT-

SURE! IT'S ALL A
GAG! I FRAMED
IT. JAKE DIDN'T
KNOW NOTHIN'
ABOUT IT. OF COURSE
COLE WINSTH' PRIZE



I DON'T BELIEVE A
WORD ZEB SAYS-
YOU CHEAT! AND,
I WON'T GO WITH
YOU TO THE DANCE
SATURDAY! DON'T
SPEAK TO ME-EVER!

YE-AH, SURE,
I KNOW. YOU
ARE GOOFY
OVER DICK
COLE!



THE SATURDAY NIGHT DANCE.

HOW'D YOU LIKE
THE HARD CIDER,
ZEB? SAY, COLE'S
BIN MAKIN'
DIRTY CRACKS
ABOUT YOU!

HE HASH,
HASH HE!
I'LL FIXSH
HIM-RI'
NOW!



LISHEN! YOU
CAN'T MAKE
CRACKS
ABOUT ME!
C'MON OUT-
SHIDE!

I'VE MADE
NO CRACKS.
BUT-LET'S
GO!

DON'T,
DICK! HE'S
DRUNK AND
DANGEROUS!



SHORTLY AFTER DICK AND ZEB STEP OUTSIDE.

WELL, MY GUESS IS THAT YOUR PRETTY-BOY ESCORT IS GONE FOR THE NIGHT.

YOU PUT ZEB UP TO THIS! LEAVE ME ALONE! GO 'WAY!

WELL, BACK AGAIN. JAKE, YOU BETTER GET ZEB - HE'S OUT COLD.

OH, DICK! YOUR EYE!

WHAT!

GOADED BY JEALOUSY AND HURT PRIDE, JAKE BROODS UNTIL HE BECOMES VICIOUS... HE DETERMINES TO DO DICK BODILY HARM.

A FEW DAYS AFTER THE DANCE, JAKE HAS HIS CHANCE.

MAKE A FOOL OF ME! STEAL MY GIRL WILL HE! THIS'LL FIX HIM!

TOO ANXIOUS, HIS AIM IS POOR...

CRASH!

DICK LEAPS TO THE HAY MOW BUT FINDS NO ONE.

NO SIGN OF ANYONE, BUT **SOMEBODY** THREW THAT ANVIL!

HE MUST HAVE JUMPED OUT ONTO THE HAY STACK BUT **WHO** WOULD WANT TO MURDER US?

THERE! IT'S ALL UNPACKED, NAN. NICE LOOKING MILKER.

IT'S A BEAUTY, DICK

DAD'LL FEEL AWFUL ABOUT THIS!

GEE! I HATE TO TELL HIM HIS NEW MILKER IS SMASHED!

YEAH! I THINK YOU **WOULD!** NAN! GO TO THE HOUSE! **GIT!**

SO, COLE, YOU RUINED MY NEW MILKER JES' BY BEIN' A SHOW-OFF.

A SHOW-OFF, SIR?

YEAH! JAKE SAW YOU TRY TO JUGGLE THAT ANVIL AND DROP IT ON THE MILKER! SHOWIN' OFF AFORE NAN! I'LL TAKE THE COST OUTTA YER WAGES! GIT TO WORK AFORE I GIT MAD!



DICK RESOLVES JAKE WILL NOT GET AWAY WITH IT.

HE OUGHT TO BE IN THE TOOL SHED RIGHT NOW.



HAI JAKE YOU THREW THAT ANVIL! NOW, YOU GET YOURS!

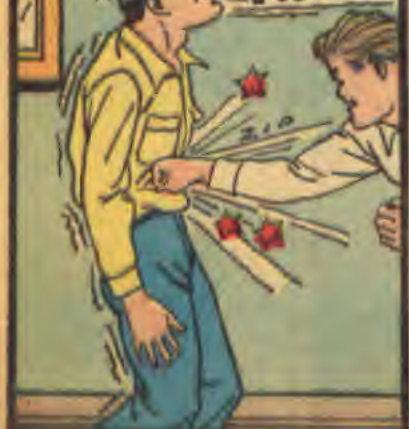
SEZ WHO?!



DICK DUCKS THE HATCHET AND CLOSES WITH JAKE



JAKE CHARGES TO FINISH DICK OFF, BUT DICK IS UP LIKE A FLASH, AND—
THUF!



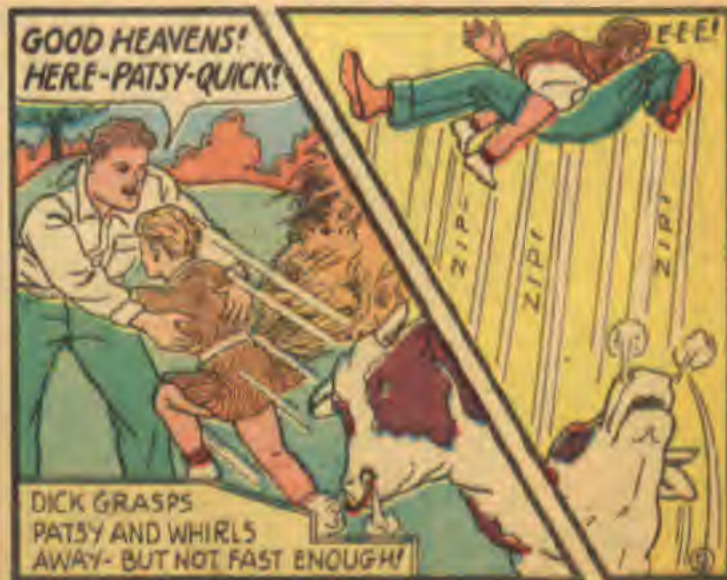
YOU'RE A DIRTY FIGHTER AND YOU DESERVE MORE THAN YOU GOT!



HEY? WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

WE JUST SETTLED AN ARGUMENT, MR. SARK.





DICK AND PATSY LAND ON THE STACK, BUT DICK BOUNCES OFF.



STAGGERING TO HIS FEET, DICK GRASPS THE BULL'S HORNS.



HEY! QUIT TORMENTIN' THAT BULL! YOU'RE NO COWBOY! JAKE, TAKE THE CRITTER BACK TO HIS STALL. HERE'S A ROPE. COLE, YOU-YOU- YOU ARE THROUGH.



AS FOR YOU COLE, I'VE ONE THING TO SAY—

DAD! WAIT! JAKE DID ALL THIS!

BUT, MR SARK—



JAKE SMASHED THE MILKER AND GOADED THE BULL INTO CHARGING DICK. PATSY GOT IN THE WAY AND DICK TOOK A BIG CHANCE— AND SAVED HER!



WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT IF JAKE'S GUILTY OR NOT, SO—

WAIT HERE! I'LL BE BACK!

I'M GONNA GET MY GUN. IF JAKE'S GUILTY, HELL START RUNNIN'—



SARK GETS HIS GUN. JAKE SEES HIM COMING AND BEATS IT FOR THE FENCE.



THAT RATTLESNAKE! WANTIN' TO MARRY NAN! COLE—I HAD YOU ALL WRONG! I'M WRITIN' HI BLAIR TO NIGHT THAT YOU'RE A1. AND NOW, THERE'S WORK TO DO, YOU TWO... SO, GIT GOIN'!



HOW ABOUT THE WAR STAMPS, BONDS, WASTE PAPER, FATS? BATTLIN' 1000, GANG? Dick Cole

FEARLESS FELLERS













OLD CAP HAWKINS'

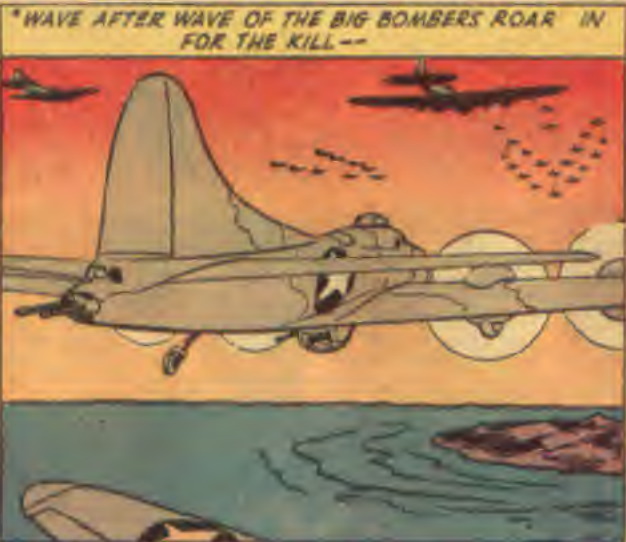
TALES



"BOMB BAYS LOADED, THE
FORTRESSES START ON
THEIR MISSION--



"WAVE AFTER WAVE OF THE BIG BOMBERS ROAR IN
FOR THE KILL--



"--WHILE ITALIAN A.A.
GUNNERS ATTEMPT TO
DRIVE THEM OFF.



"AND THE ITALIAN GUNNER
WAS PRETTY NEAR RIGHT.



"AMMUNITION DUMPS AND CONVOYS
WERE SOME OF THE FIRST OBJECTIVES.



"MEANWHILE, GERMAN FIGHTERS
TOOK OFF TO THE ATTACK--



"-- BUT WERE SOON SHOT DOWN.

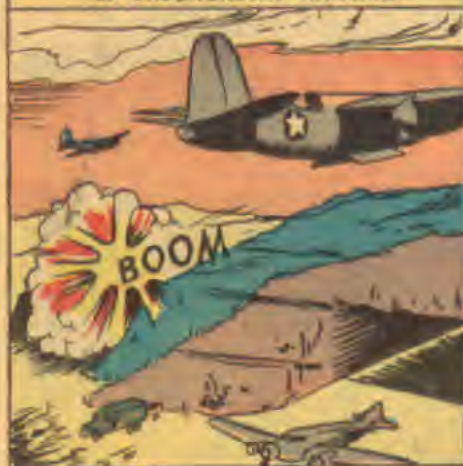
"AFTER THE FIRST HEAVY ATTACK, THE ALLIES GAVE THE ITALIANS A CHANCE TO SURRENDER--"



"--BUT WERE IGNORED, SO THEY REOPENED THE ATTACK WITH INCREASED POWER. FIRST CAME THE SPADILLO AIRPORT."



"ACCURATE SKIP-BOMBING TOOK CARE OF UNDERGROUND HANGARS."



"THEY'RE TAKING IT PRETTY WELL, AREN'T THEY, PETE?"

"YEAH, BUT THEY'LL CRACK SOON. NO ONE CAN TAKE THIS!"



"THEN THE HARBORS."



"THIS MEANS WE CAN'T GET ANY MORE SUPPLIES, LUIGI!"

"AND THAT WILL BE OUR FINISH--"



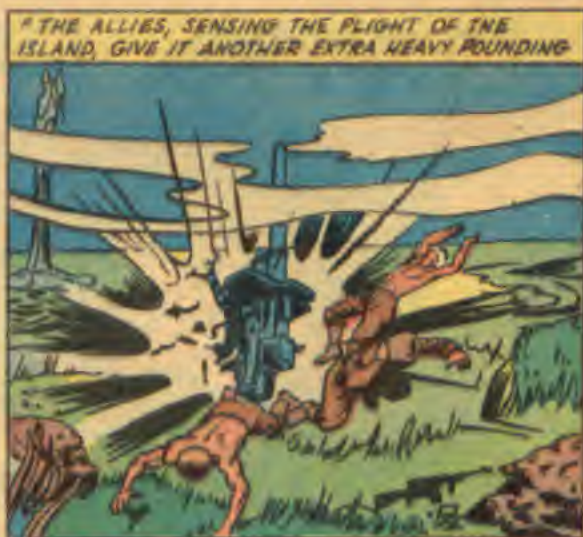
"THIS MAKES THE TENTH TRIP. I FEEL LIKE THE HOBOKEN FERRY--"



"BUT THE SHUTTLE SERVICE CONTINUED UNMERCIFULLY."

"SOON NAVAL FORCES BEGAN TO POUND THE ISLAND'S SHORE DEFENSES--"





EDISON BELL



WHEN A MEMBER OF THE LOCAL BASEBALL TEAM TRIES TO RUIN THE STAR PLAYER'S CHANCES FOR A BIG LEAGUE CONTRACT, EDDIE AND JERRY FIND THAT THEY CAN'T STOP THE CULPRIT FROM MAKING HITS AND RUNS BUT-- THEY DO MANAGE TO COUNT HIM OUT ON AN ERROR!

ONE WARM AFTERNOON, DURING THE SUMMER--

GOSH, EDDIE, THIS GAME IS LOTS OF FUN--

HI, FELLOWS!

GOSH, HERE COMES BILL WILSON, JERRY!



WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE? LOOKS LIKE A BASEBALL DIAMOND! ONE OF YOUR IDEAS, EDDIE?

UH-HUH! IT WORKS PRETTY WELL, TOO! WE'VE GOT IT FIGURED SO YOU CAN USE ALL KINDS OF REAL PLAYS!





APPROXIMATELY FOUR SECONDS LATER--

HMM--LOOKS PRETTY GOOD, DON'T YOU THINK?

YEAH-- BUT I DIDN'T GET A BELT WITH MINE!



I'LL LEND YOU ONE OF MINE, JERRY!

WELL, THANKS-- BUT THAT WON'T BE A REAL UNIFORM BELT!



OKAY, YOU WAIT HERE-- I'LL RUN DOWN AND GET ONE FOR YOU!



EDDIE RACES DOWNTOWN, TO THE SPORTING GOODS SHOP--

HOPE IT WON'T BE TOO EXPENSIVE! I HAVEN'T GOT MUCH MONEY WITH ME!

GOSH, LOOK! ISN'T THAT A SUPER UNIFORM?

HOT ZIG--I WISH WE HAD SOME LIKE THAT!



AS EDDIE LOOKS AROUND THE STORE, HE SEES...

SEE-- THAT'S HIKE HARRIS BUYING A BAT! HE'S THE OTHER PLAYER THAT "BEAR" SCOUT WILL BE WATCHING!

OKAY, PENNINGTON-- THAT BAT WILL DO VERY NICELY!

YES, SIR!



UH-- HELLO, MR. HARRIS-- I'M GONNA BE BAT-BOY FOR THE TEAM THIS AFTERNOON!

HUH-- OH, UH-- THAT'S NICE!



A BELT, EH? HOW'S THIS, YOUNG MAN?

THAT LOOKS FINE! HMM-- WONDER WHY HIKE SEEMED NERVOUS WHEN I SPOKE TO HIM? PROBABLY ON EDGE ABOUT THE GAME.







EDDIE RACES BACK TO THE DIAMOND--

WHERE DID YOU GO TO, EDDIE?

JERRY, LOOK! THIS IS BILL'S BAT! THAT ONE IS A PHONEY!



I SAW HIKE HARRIS BUY THIS ONE TODAY! BUT, WE CAN'T SAY ANYTHING -- IT'D BE BAD FOR THE TEAM!

I THINK WE'D BETTER! THAT SCOUT HAS DECIDED TO SIGN UP HIKE -- HE SAYS BILL CAN'T HIT!



BUT, THE COACH OVERHEARS!

IF THAT'S TRUE, BOYS, I'M SENDING HIKE TO THE SHOWERS!

OH, COACH -- IT'S TRUE, SIR!

HERE ARE THE BATS, SIR!



BILL TAKES HIS NEXT TURN AT THE PLATE WITH HIS FAVORITE BAT --

WOW!

IT'S A HOMER!

OVER THE FENCE!



AFTER THE GAME, THE TEAM CELEBRATES THEIR VICTORY AND BILL'S NEW CONTRACT!

CONGRATULATIONS, BILL!

NICE WORK, BILL!

WHOOPEE!

WHEE!



BILL, HERE'S THE CONTRACT--ALL SIGNED AND SEALED! I KNOW THE WHOLE STORY ABOUT YOUR BAD STREAK TODAY! WELL, HOPE YOU DO AS WELL BY THE "BEARS" NEXT SEASON!

THANK YOU, MR. GLANZ!

CONTRACT!



GOSH, BILL, I'M GLAD!

HERE'S A SEASON PASS FOR EACH OF YOU TO THE "BEARS" GAMES!

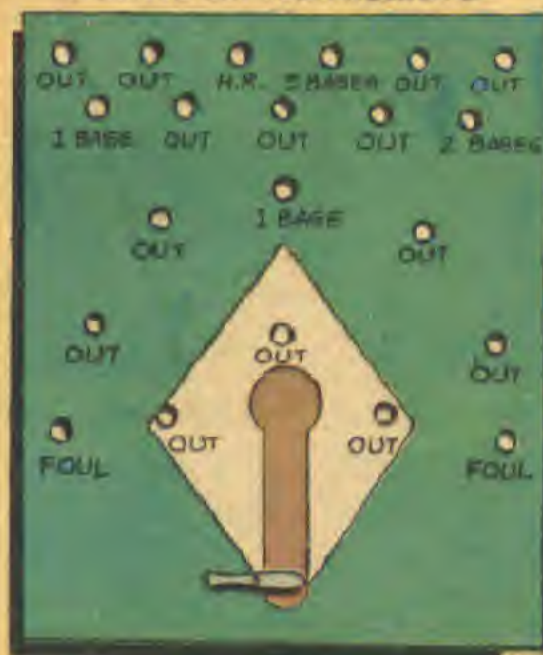
A SEASON PASS TO THE BIG LEAGUE GAMES! OH, GOSH, JERRY! WON'T THAT BE SWELL?



ALL OF YOU BASEBALL FANS MUST KNOW WHAT A THRILL THAT WOULD GIVE ANY AMERICAN BOY -- SO REMEMBER, OUR BOYS ARE IN THE BIG LEAGUE ALL OVER THE WORLD AND A SEASON PASS TO VICTORY WILL BE YOURS FOR THE PRICE OF WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

EDISON BELL'S BASEBALL GAME

DISTANCE BETWEEN HOLES: 2"



DRILL HOLES THROUGH BOARD WITH 1" BIT BEING CAREFUL TO SPACE THE HOLES AS IN THE DIAGRAM AT THE LEFT. HOLES SHOULD NOT PENETRATE BOARD BUT SHOULD BE ABOUT 1/2" DEEP



MAKE RIGHT AND LEFT FIELD "FENCES" AND BACK STOP FROM SCRAP LUMBER 1/2" THICK AND BETWEEN 2" TO 2 1/2" IN HEIGHT.

YOU CAN ENJOY ALL THE THRILLS OF A BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL GAME BY FOLLOWING EDISON BELL'S PLANS ON THIS PAGE. FOR THE PLAYING BOARD, SELECT A 4-OR 6-PLY SECTION OF SOFT WOOD (PINE WILL DO) THE OUTSIDE DIMENSIONS OF THE PLAYING FIELD ARE APPROXIMATELY 18" (WIDTH) BY 26". PAINT DIAMOND DESIGN ON WITH ORDINARY HOUSE PAINT.



WHITTLE BAT FROM SMALL PIECE OF SCRAP BOARD AND ATTACH TO "POST" AS ILLUSTRATED AT THE LEFT.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	R	H	E
EDDIE													
JERRY													



CONSTRUCT A SIMPLE SCORE-BOARD OF THIN SCRAP LUMBER, MARK IT OFF BY INNINGS, AND HANG NUMBERED SCRAPS OF PAPER ON WITH A TACK! **PLAY BALL!**

THE RULES OF REGULATION BASEBALL APPLY TO THIS GAME. THE BALL IS AN ORDINARY AGATE AND IS "PITCHED" AS IN THE GAME OF MARBLES. "PITCHES" NOT OVER THE PLATE ARE CALLED "BALLS" -AND IT IS ADVISABLE TO HAVE A THIRD PERSON TO ACT AS UMPIRE IN JUDGING "CLOSE ONES". IF PLAYER AT BAT STRIKES AT, AND MISSES, A BAD PITCH IT IS, OF COURSE, CALLED A "STRIKE".

KRISKO and JASPER

FROM THEIR
SMALL ISLAND,
KRISKO AND JASPER
SEE A STRANGE OBJECT
FLOATING INTO SHORE—
WE HOPE IT ISN'T
ONE OF THOSE JAP
FLOATING
MINES!

by
MILT HAMMER



WONDER WHAT'S 'AT
FLOATIN' OUT THAR?

LOOKS LIKE
A BARREL!



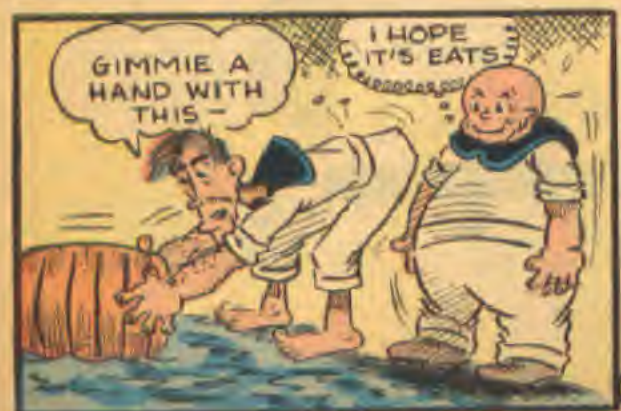
MAYBE IT'S
SUMPIN' GOOD
TO EAT!

ALWAYS
THINKIN' OF
THAT TUMMY
OF YOURS—
HUH?



GIMMIE A
HAND WITH
THIS—

I HOPE
IT'S EATS!



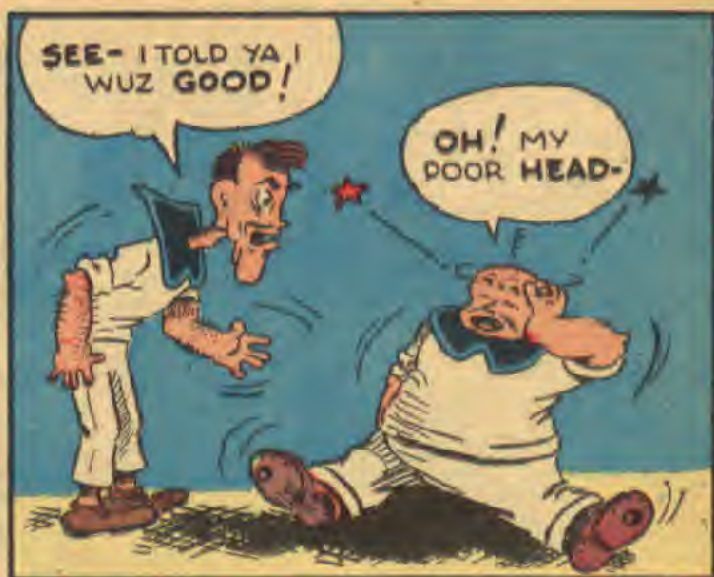
HEY—STOP SNIFFIN'—
GIT ME A
HAMMER TO
OPEN THIS!

SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF











BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



BEFORE THEY TAKE UP THEIR NEW ASSIGNMENT IN AUSTRALIA, BLUE BOLT AND CHARLIE HAVE A SHORT REST LEAVE. BUT WHEN MARG HESSLIN, AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHER, ENTERS THE PICTURE, THERE'S LITTLE REST TO BE HAD.

O WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'!

THIS IS THE LIFE. RIDING ALONG, NOTHING ON OUR MINDS.

NOT A WORRY IN THE WORLD. JUST MAKE SURE WE GET TO THE MUNITIONS PLANT IN HALF AN HOUR SO GEN. BRASS CAN SHOW US THE NEW SUPER-BOMB.

CLEAR SKY, CLEAR ROAD-- HEY, WATCH OUT!

MARG HESSLIN! YOU MIGHT KNOW-- IF IT'S TROUBLE, IT'S MARG HESSLIN!

HI, BOYS!







SOUND THE
ALARM • THAT
ANIMAL CAN
DO UNTOLD
DAMAGE HERE •

THE LAST MINUTES OF THE
TIME BOMB TICK OFF, AS
THE FRIGHTENED ANIMAL
LEAPS MADLY AROUND
THE PLANT •

DON'T FIRE GUNS •
TOO MANY
EXPLOSIVES HERE •



WHOEVER CATCHES UP WITH THE KANGAROO
MUST FIGHT ITS GREAT WEIGHT, ITS STRONG HIND
LEGS AND ITS MURDEROUSLY HEAVY TAIL •



TRY TO HOUND
HIM INTO THE COURT-
YARD AND HEAD HIM
TOWARD ME • I'LL
TACKLE HIM --
I HOPE!

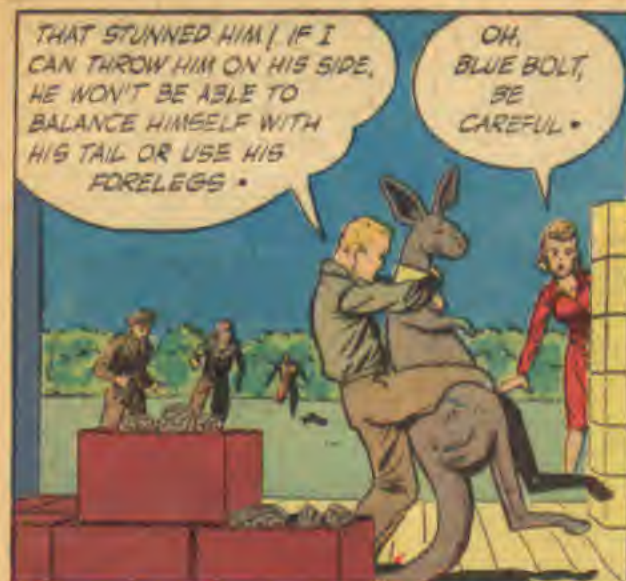


I HAVEN'T A CHANCE
IF I LET HIM GET TOO
NEAR • I'LL TRY TO MAKE
A RUSHING TACKLE AND
GET HIM OFF GUARD •



HOPE THIS
MAKES YOU LOSE
YOUR BREATH FOR
A MINUTE •





IF I MAY HAVE A
COUPLE OF YOUR ARMED
GUARDS SIR, WE MIGHT
STILL CATCH WHOEVER
DID THAT.

THERE WERE ONLY
TWO OTHER PEOPLE
BESIDES OURSELVES
AT THE FARM. IT'S
EITHER THE OWNER
OR THE HIRED
MAN.

THEY SOON REACH THE FARM
FROM WHICH THEY TOOK THE
KANGAROO.

JUST AFTER YOU LEFT,
MY HIRED MAN DISAPPEAR-
ED. ALWAYS WAS A SHIFTY
FELLOW.

NEXT STOP-- POLICE HEADQUARTERS --

IF ONLY WE HAD A
PICTURE OF THE
HIRED MAN, WE'D
HAVE HIM IN OUR
NET BY NIGHT-
FALL.

HEY, CHIEF! I TOOK
A PICTURE OF HIM
FEEDING THE
KANGAROOS. IF YOU
HAVE A DARKROOM,
I'LL MAKE A PRINT
IN A SECOND.

MINUTES LATER

HERE IT
IS-- CLEAR.
AS A BELL,
TOO.

THAT NIGHT

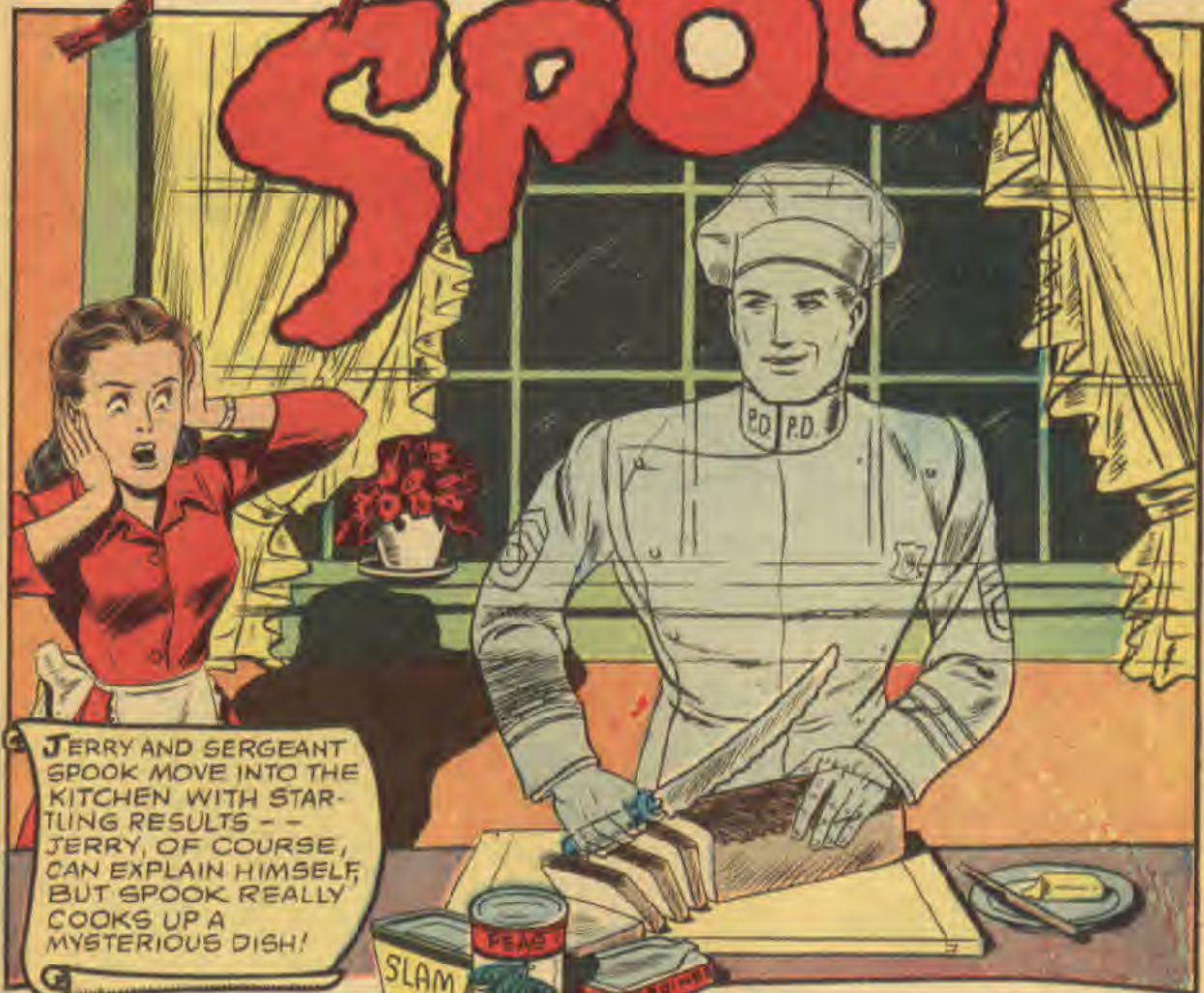
THIS IS THE MAN ALL
RIGHT. HE HAS CONFESSED
TO PLANTING THE BOMB.
HE'S A JAP SPY.

MARG, YOU GOT
US INTO THIS THING,
BUT IT WAS YOUR
PICTURE THAT CAUSED
THE SPY'S CAPTURE.

YEAH, MAYBE
YOU'RE NOT SO
BAD AFTER ALL
--AS A
PHOTOGRAPHER
THAT IS.

AW,
CHARLEY,
IS
THAT
NICE?
WE
THINK
MARG
IS
KINDA
CUTE!

Sergeant SPOOK



JERRY AND SERGEANT SPOOK MOVE INTO THE KITCHEN WITH STARTLING RESULTS -- JERRY, OF COURSE, CAN EXPLAIN HIMSELF, BUT SPOOK REALLY COOKS UP A MYSTERIOUS DISH!

JERRY IS STROLLING ALONG THE STREET ONE AFTERNOON WHEN HE SEES MRS. MALONEY'S TWO CHILDREN PLAYING ON THEIR FRONT STEPS!

HEY -- THOSE KIDS ARE PLAYING WITH MATCHES! I'D BETTER STOP THEM BEFORE THEY GET BURNED!



HERE -- GIVE ME THOSE MATCHES! WHERE'S YOUR MOTHER?

MOTHER'S AT THE WAR PLANT -- SHE'S BUILDING PLANES AND STUFF! WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

AW, GO WAY! WE WANT TO MAKE MORE PRETTY SPARKS!



JERRY TAKES ON THE JOB OF KEEPING THE TWO CHILDREN SAFELY OCCUPIED UNTIL MRS. MALONEY RETURNS --

C'MON, JERRY! RIDE JOAN AROUND THE PORCH AGAIN.

GID-DAP, HORSEY! I WANT YOU TO GALLOP!

OH, GOSH-- NOT AGAIN! LET'S PLAY SOMETHING ELSE!



HURRAY--HERE COMES MOMMY!

GOODY-- I'M HUNGRY!

WHEW! HELLO, MRS. MALONEY! I'VE BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON THESE TWO WILDCATS OF YOURS! I FOUND THEM PLAYING WITH A BOX OF MATCHES!



THANKS A LOT, JERRY! I'LL SEE THEY DON'T GET ANY MORE MATCHES. AND I DO APPRECIATE YOUR TAKING CARE OF THEM FOR ME!

THAT'S OKAY! BYE, KIDS--BE GOOD!



LATER, JERRY MEETS SPOOK AND TELLS HIM OF THE DAY'S ADVENTURE --

SO YOU HAD A PRETTY TOUGH DAY OF IT, EH? LET'S WALK OVER THAT WAY!

GOSH--DID YOU EVER PRETEND TO BE A RACE HORSE ALL AFTERNOON? I REALLY TOOK A BEATING, SPOOK!



WELL, GUESS WE SHOULD HELP THE SERVICE MEN'S FAMILIES WHEN WE CAN. YOU GO ON HOME. I'LL SEE IF I CAN'T HELP OUT A BIT!

YOU'D BETTER HOPE THEY'RE NOT PSYCHIC!

SPOOK ENTERS THE KITCHEN...

HMM-- HAVEN'T THEY BEEN TOLD THAT WASTE PAPER IS VITAL TO THE WAR EFFORT?



...AND GOES TO WORK!

DICK! I'LL -- I'LL PULL YOUR HAIR, YOU NASTY THING!

JOAN-- DICK! STOP IT, OR I'LL SEND YOU RIGHT TO BED!



LATER -- WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE SAFELY TUCKED INTO BED --

WHEW! NO WONDER JERRY WAS WORN OUT! WELL, NOW, MAYBE I CAN HELP MRS. MALONEY!

HEY-- YOU SHOULDN'T THROW TIN CANS AWAY, LADY! YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THERE'S A WAR ON!

POOK SETS ABOUT HIS PATRIOTIC DUTY BY TOSSING THE CANS RIGHT BACK AT MRS. MALONEY!

UHP! WHA -- THOSE CANS!! NO! I MUST BE GOING CRAZY!



JUST TO BE SURE YOU GET THE IDEA, I'LL SHOW YOU AN ARTICLE IN THIS MAGAZINE!

THAT MAGAZINE! IT'S OPENING BY ITSELF! BUT -- IT CAN'T BE! I'M SEEING THINGS!

RIGHT -- SEE THIS? WELL, WHY DON'T YOU PAY ATTENTION TO IT?

OH, NO -- THIS MUST BE SOME TRICK OF DICK'S! OH, WHAT A START I GOT! MY KNEES ARE SHAKING...



THOSE LITTLE RASCALS --- BUT, THEY'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE -- I SHOULD BE SAVING TIN CANS AND WASTE PAPER! IT DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TIME!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THOSE YOUNGSTERS REMINDING ME OF MY DUTY TO MY COUNTRY! I SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF MYSELF!

GOOD GIRL! THAT'S THE -- (SNIFF) HEY, YOUR FRIED POTATOES ARE GOING TO BURN!







LATER... AFTER MRS. MALONEY HAS HAD A CHANCE TO THINK OVER THE EVENTS OF HER EVENING!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED, BUT I DO GET THE IDEA THAT SOMEONE THINKS I'M NOT DOING ENOUGH!



SHE GOES IN TO SAY GOOD NIGHT TO HER CHILDREN...

YOU KNOW, DICK AND JOAN, WE'VE GOT TO HELP THE WAR EFFORT!

BUT, MOMMY, YOU'RE DOING WAR WORK AND DADDY'S AWAY FIGHTING!



THAT'S JUST IT! WE'RE LETTING DADDY DOWN WHEN WE WASTE PAPER AND TIN AND FAT! THERE'S SO MUCH WE HAVE TO DO TO HELP DADDY, AND ALL THE OTHER MEN WHO ARE OUT THERE FIGHTING FOR US!

GOOD NIGHT!



THE NEXT MORNING, SPOOK GOES TO SEE JERRY!

HI, JERRY-- MAKING MODEL PLANES FOR THE ARMY, EH?

HELLO, SPOOK! JUST FINISHING THIS ONE UP! SAY, HOW'D YOU MAKE OUT AT THE MALONEY'S LAST NIGHT?



FINE, JERRY-- THEY JUST FORGOT A FEW THINGS THAT WE ALL MUST REMEMBER... I SORT OF REMINDED THEM! C'MON OVER AND SEE!

SURE! I'D LIKE TO SEE THOSE KIDS USING THEIR ENERGY FOR SOMETHING BESIDES WEARING ME OUT!



WELL, I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT. SPOOK! LOOK AT THEM WORK!

QUITE A LOAD OF SCRAP METAL THEY COLLECTED THIS MORNING, ISN'T IT?



HELLO, DICK- JOAN! YOU KIDS LOOK PRETTY BUSY

WE SURE ARE! WE'RE COLLECTING SCRAP!

AND WE'RE GONNA SELL IT TO THE JUNK MAN SO WE CAN BUY WAR STAMPS!



OH, HELLO, MRS. MALONEY-- GOING SHOPPING?

NO, JERRY-- I WANT TO STOP AT THE RED CROSS AND GIVE A BLOOD DONATION BEFORE I GO TO WORK!

GOSH, HOW DO YOU EVER GET TIME TO DO YOUR HOUSE-- WORK?

I USED TO DO IT IN THE EARLY MORNINGS-- BUT I'LL FIND SOME OTHER TIME AS GOOD AS THIS!

WELL, I COULD COME OVER BEFORE LUNCH AND HELP FOR A WHILE!

JERRY, YOU'RE AN ANGEL! THAT WOULD BE WONDERFUL! BE GOOD TODAY, CHILDREN! G'BYE!

COME ON, DICK! WE'VE GOT TO GO OUT FOR ANOTHER LOAD!

OKAY, KIDS-- BE CAREFUL! C'MON, SPOOK, WE'VE GOT A HOUSE TO CLEAN!

AW, JERRY-- HAVE A HEART!

AN HOUR LATER --

HOW DID I GET INTO THIS?

IT WAS YOUR IDEA, REMEMBER? AND AFTER YOU FINISH VACUUMING, WE'LL WASH UP THE DISHES!

IF YOU KNEW HOW I HATE TO DRY DISHES, YOU'D -- WHUP! ONE DOWN!

SPOOK, BE CAREFUL! NOW, GET THE DISHPAN AND SWEEP UP THAT MESS!

REMEMBER, SPOOK, IT'S ALL IN A GOOD CAUSE!

MMM-- WHAT A WAY TO HELP WIN THE WAR! PHOOEY! BUT YOU'RE RIGHT -- IT IS A GOOD CAUSE!

THE END.

FORCED LANDING

By MILT HAMMER

Tommy Long was only 14 years old, but for as long as he could remember he had always liked to build toy airplanes. First there were the paper ones that he used to make out of colored scrap paper and sail out of the window, and later there were the glider kits that he had purchased from the five and dime store. Of course they weren't professional looking, but they flew a few feet, and Tommy was happy just to know that he had created something that would sail through the air.

Now that Bill, Tommy's older brother, was in the air corps, Tommy had taken possession of all of Bill's professional model airplane kits. If only he could build just one model plane as good as Bill used to do, he would be the happiest boy in the world.

Gee, Tommy thought, if only this one he had just completed would fly as well as it looked, Bill would be mighty proud of him.

Tommy had printed "Bill's Special" on both sides of the plane, so if it were a success, Bill, too, would have had something to do with it. In all of his letters he had told Bill all about it, and Bill in return had given him hints that would help him in the final stages of completion.

The big day finally arrived for the "Bill's Special" first flight. Tommy had invited his best friend, Joe, to watch the take-off. Motor-driven, the plane, with just enough gas to fill an eye-dropper, could fly five minutes before it was forced to land.

"See," Tommy said, showing the plane to Joe, "all you've got to do is give the propeller a twist and off it'll go."

"Yeah," said Joe, "but how will we be able to find it after it has landed?"

"Oh, all we have to do is watch it closely and just follow along."

"O.K. then, let's start it up and see where it goes."

Taking the plane in his hands, Tommy told Joe to give the propeller a turn.

"That's no good," Joe said. "Let's make it like a real airplane take-off; we'll use that old wooden crate as a base."

Giving the propeller a twist, they watched the plane as it coughed once, then twice, and then took off with a sudden whir. Skimming the back yard fence by inches, it went up, up into the air.

Tommy and Joe hadn't expected so much success at the start, and it was almost a half-minute before Tommy shouted, "After it, Joe."

Away the plane went with the two boys in hot pursuit. A minute later, as if turned by a hand, the plane left its straight course, turned, and crashed into the Small Town Butcher Shop's front window.

The sound of the crash that the plane made going through the big plate glass sounded to Tommy and Joe more like the crash of a real plane than of a model airplane.

When the boys had seen what happened to the plane on its maiden flight, they stopped dead in their tracks and just looked.

"Holy cow, and it had to pick Mr. Young's window, too," Tommy half whispered in a voice that he hardly recognized as his own.

"Yeah, the meanest man in Small Town! I'm going home."

"Aw, be a buddy, Joe, and stick by me," pleaded Tommy.

"O.K., I'll stay."

Just then Mr. Young came out of his butcher shop. Seeing Tommy and Joe, he shouted angrily, "You boys are going to pay for this window that you broke with this toy of yours. And if you don't pay right now, I'm calling the police."

"Aw, Mr. Young, we didn't mean it," said Tommy, "and we haven't the money, but I would be willing to work it off after school delivering your orders for you."

"I don't need any delivery boy. I want my money, and quick, too. You kids are always

making trouble around here. I think I'm going to call the police anyway, so you better not run away."

Dejectedly, Tom looked at Joe and said "Well, Joe, it looks like he means business. I might as well wait and take my medicine. If you wanna go—go ahead. It was all my fault, anyway."

"Oh, no, Tommy, I'm in this as much as you are—I'll wait, too."

"Look, Joe, do you see what I see coming?"

"Yeah, it's the police."

"Here they are, officer, the two kids who broke my window. I want you to arrest them."

"Now, Mr. Young, don't get excited. We want the whole story before we take them back to headquarters with us. Well, who's going to talk first?"

"I will, officer," volunteered Tom. "I built the plane, and my friend, Joe here, offered to help me fly it. Honest, we didn't know that it would crash into any store windows. The wind must have blown it into Mr. Young's shop. I offered to be a delivery boy for Mr. Young after school until the window was paid for, but he said he didn't need me."

"No, I don't need that young trouble maker, I want my \$15 for that window right now," shouted the angry butcher.

Mr. Young, arguing heatedly about the boys' arrest, failed to hear his phone ringing as one of the policemen stepped into the store to answer it.

A few minutes later, the officer stepped out of the butcher shop and called his partner aside. He spoke earnestly with him and then turned to the butcher.

"Well, Mr. Young, we're ready to make our arrest now."

The butcher beamed with satisfaction.

"Yes," said the other policeman, "we arrest you in the name of the law and warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

"Arrest me, for what?"

"Well, it so happens that the phone call Mac here just answered in your shop helps us

to close the case that we have been working on for several weeks. That party who telephoned is evidently your black market meat partner. He thought Mac was you and explained that he had just butchered four more cows for you to dispose of. He wants you to send out your counterfeit government stamp and your truck to pick up the beef. Well, that's just what you're going to do, only we're going to ride along in the back of the truck. We know now where all the contaminated meat has been coming from."

"But," stammered the butcher, "I didn't have anything to do with that—I don't even know what you're talking about. I won't go along."

"Oh, yes you will," said the officer, "if you don't want to add ten more years to your sentence. If you don't go we can easily enough locate where those cattle have been butchered by tracing the phone call and then sending out a dragnet to search the old barns in that vicinity. Now that you're caught, however, you'd better do everything possible to help us if you don't want to spend the rest of your life in prison."

The butcher's shoulders drooped resignedly as he whispered a weak "All right."

Young climbed into the police car as one of the officers turned to Tommy, who was now holding his battered plane, too confused and surprised with the new turn of events to speak.

"Tommy," he said, "I think your brother is going to get a great kick out of hearing what a big job you and your plane named after him have just done on the home front. Without that plane several people might have died from spoiled meat and these black market racketeers would still be at large. If you and Joe will come over to headquarters tomorrow, I think the least we can do for you is to find another brand new plane, a new 'Bill's Special.'"

Arm in arm, Tommy and Joe watched the police car disappear down the street.

"Gee, Joe, I believe this is the first time a model plane ever captured the enemy, because those guys are just as much enemies as any Axis soldier with a rifle. That forced landing sure turned out for the best, huh?"

"It sure did, Tommy, but boy, oh boy, I'm still flabbergasted."

BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

by MICK HAMMER



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BY ROD REED AND C.C. BECK

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RAIN! LET'S TAKE SHELTER HERE!

B-B-BUT THIS IS THE H-HAUNTED HOUSE!

LISTEN! G-G-GHOSTS!

NONSENSE!

HOOTIN' ZOOBS! A SPOOK RATTLING CHAINS!

MUST BE IN THE CELLAR... LET'S GO SEE!

CREAK! CREAK!

ARRRG!

CLANK! CLANKITY-CLANK!

SHHHHH!

POOR ROLLO... HE'S SCARED SPEECHLESS!

NOW, ROLLO, WE'LL OPEN THIS DOOR, AND... THAT WHISTLE! ROLLO'S IN TROUBLE!

TOOT-SEEE!

OWRRR!

NO WONDER HE TRIED TO SCARE PEOPLE AWAY... HE'S BEEN MAKING COUNTERFEIT MONEY!

YEP, THESE BANKROLLS ARE COUNTERFEIT-BUT THERE'S NOTHING COUNTERFEIT ABOUT TOOTSIE ROLLS... THEY'RE AS GOOD AS GOLD!

OUT OUT DE WHISTLIN' OR YOU'LL BE A GHOST YOURSELF!

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TOOT-SEE-GLURG!

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